

Vol. 8.

Whole No. 13,000.

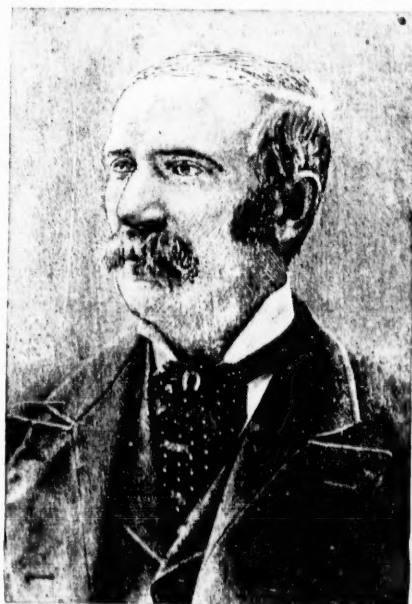
GLIMPSES OF LIFE
AND
Sketches of Character
IN CANADA,

BY

✦ OLD GABRIEL GOSSIP, OF GOSHEN, ✦

AND

POOR PAT PRODPEN, OF PARRY SOUND.



Respectfully inscribed to A. P. Cockburn, Esq., of Gravenhurst,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM.

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We—old Gabriel Gossip of Goshen, and poor Pat Prodpén of Parry Sound—would take this opportunity of tendering our most grateful and heartfelt thanks to the very many kind friends who have so generously patronized us in the past. In the following pages we will only have room to give brief notes and notices and names of persons and places we have visited while engaged in the prosecution of our peculiar profession, and as a general rule (with very few exceptions), it will be found, by consulting our lists of names, that we have among our best friends and most generous patrons the best and noblest, the most prosperous and highly esteemed people in every community we have visited; and that the places where we have received the most countenance and encouragement were proportionately progressive and prosperous. In the wretched little village of Loyd town, with its dirty, dilapidated (and in several cases deserted) dwellings, with their damaged doors and battered walls, and broken windows stuffed with rags and old hats—with rotten and broken sidewalks, or none at all,—we did not sell a single book. We have greatly marvelled why this miserable little village should have become such a God-forsaken sort of a place and such a disgrace to the fair and fertile township of King, in which it is located. What a contrast does it not present to the beautiful and prosperous town of Aurora, partly situated in the same township, where we got nearly \$10 in a single day! And again, what a strong and striking contrast does not Pat Prodpén's own romantically beautiful, busily industrious and superlatively prosperous and progressive town of Parry Sound, with its long list of 50 and 25-cent names, present to the miserable little village of Ragville, on Yonge street, about 18 miles north of Toronto, with only one 10c. name to show what a fearfully poor place it is. But these two instances

will be sufficient to prove and illustrate the truth of the theory we have advanced.

To those gentlemen of the newspaper press of Ontario who have so kindly and considerately noticed our humble efforts to climb the steep ladder of literature, we would also proffer our most heartfelt thanks. As a class they take high rank as one of the most intelligent, intellectual and best educated bodies of men in the Dominion. We have received at least two score of nice newspaper notices since we first started in this particular vocation, including one from the Toronto weekly *Globe* and two from the Toronto weekly *Mail*, those towering giants of Canadian journalism! We are sure our kind, indulgent readers will excuse us for publishing a few of these notices in the way of letters of recommendation.

From the Toronto weekly *Mail* for March 18th, 1886: "Pat Prodpén, the Parry Sound Poet, has issued another of his gossipy little publications. Since Mr. Elliott, otherwise Pat, was last introduced to our readers, he met with a sad misfortune, losing an eye, an occurrence that will be regretted by the perambulating poet's many friends."

From the West Durham News, Bowmanville, Jan. 25th, 1889: "During the present week a distinguished visitor has been in town, in the person of James Elliott, of Parry Sound, commonly known as Pat Prodpén, the Parry Sound Poet. Mr. Elliott is entirely deaf and is nearly blind, but can speak. He has written a little book which he is offering for sale. During the summer he is at home, engaged in the work of a bush farmer in the above romantic place, but in the fall and winter he spends his time writing and selling books. This is Pat Prodpén's first visit here, and he says he likes the town well and styles it a city in miniature. The book is illustrated and is quite a curiosity."

From the Paris Review, Feb. 14th, 1889: "James Elliott, the deaf traveller and poet, who woos the muse in the wilds of Parry Sound, where in summer he farms, was in town last week canvassing for subscribers to his forthcoming poetical volume on Paris, which he tells the REVIEW is one of the most beautiful of all the pretty towns he has visited in his peregrinations. The poet is no ordinary character, but a real rough diamond, who is widely known and held in respect wherever he goes. Under the pseudonym of Pat Prodpén, he has done work which stamps him as one

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of the nascitur order and no mistake. We note that our excellent contemporary, the Dundas *Banner*, talks about him in a careless, aberrated sort of way. This will never do; the *Banner* man had better beware of the poet's vengeance."

The town of Orillia, about 100 miles north of Toronto, is such a remarkably beautiful place that we yield to the temptation to give the notices we have received from the kind, urbane and gentlemanly editors of each of the three excellent local papers it possesses.

From the Orillia daily *Times*, for March 5th, 1889: "Jas. Elliott, late of Parry Sound, poet and literateur, is in town. He is collecting material for some great work on Canada, and will put your name in the book for the modest sum of 10c. cash. He introduced himself at the *Times* office yesterday, where he appeared as a quiet, honest looking old gentleman, with a poet's eyes and hair, and stone deaf. His work, "A Deaf Traveller," is unique and deals with certain personages and subjects antagonistic to the author, in a very strong manner."

From the Orillia *News-Letter* for March 8th, 1889: "Mr. James Elliott, the Parry Sound poet, who spends his time during the summer following the hard life of a backwoods pioneer, and writing and selling books in the winter, called on the *News-Letter* Wednesday. His latest production, "A Deaf Traveller," is a gem of the first water and must be read to be appreciated. Any person reading this book will be sure to buy all of Mr. Elliott's future productions. He has secured about 50 subscribers to his next work, in which he has obligingly promised to notice the *News-Letter*."

From the Orillia *Packet*, March 8th, 1889: "Mr. James Elliott, whose literary name is Pat Proppen, hails from Parry Sound, a village he is exceedingly proud of. He has been here this week selling an unique little book of his productions, and we understand met with a gratifying response to his appeal. Mr. Elliott is entirely deaf and nearly blind, but can speak. During the summer he does the work of a pioneer farmer and in the winter visits older parts of the country. He says Orillia shows more signs of substantial progress than any other of the seventy places he has visited this season."

If our very limited space permitted we would gladly give the names of all the papers and their

gentlemanly editors who have so kindly given us complimentary notices. The trouble with us is not a lack but a superabundance of material to fill a volume of the size that our limited means will permit us to publish. In the notices we have given we have not added a single word to or taken a single word from them, but have given them exactly as they appeared in their respective papers. But, limited as our space is, we feel that it would not be right to neglect to acknowledge our obligations to the editors of two newspapers published in the classically beautiful and God-favoured city of Goshen, in the noble State of Indiana, U.S. W. A. Beane, Esq., of the Goshen *Democrat*, now in the 53rd year of a long and useful life, the oldest, as it is also one of the best and most ably conducted weekly papers at present published in northern Indiana. Its kind-hearted, courteous and gentlemanly editor is one of our Goshen favourites, and as bright and beautiful as this city of the plain appears to us, it would not look so bright and beautiful if this genuinely genial, jovial and jolly old gentleman was not in it. These remarks will apply with almost equal force to the gifted and gentlemanly editors of the Goshen daily and weekly *Times*. Goshen, for a city in one of the older States, is remarkable for its substantial prosperity and solid progress, and for the number and extent of its factories and manufacturing industries. It is the headquarters and home of John H. Lesh & Co., the largest hardwood lumber manufacturing firm in the world. This company has four large steam saw mills in Goshen alone and three more in other places, and ship from Goshen on an average of from 10 to 12 carloads of lumber per day, destined for almost every quarter of the civilized globe, giving constant and remunerative employment to quite a small army of workmen; and we have ourselves seen last summer (1888) as many as nine teams, some of three horses abreast, unloading logs in the log yard of 100 acres in extent attached to one of their mills in Goshen, at one and the same time, and this just as an adjunct

and addition to the large supply of logs that this mammoth company have brought in for them on the various lines of railway running to and through the city. We both regret our inability from want of sufficiently full and accurate information on the subject, to give a detailed account and an exact description of everything in connection with the various business establishments, industrial enterprises and manufacturing industries of this notably industrious and wealthy city, as it would give us the most heartfelt pleasure to be able to "write up" Goshen and to give a genuinely eloquent portrayal of its peculiar beauties, its manifold attractions and its especial advantages, to do full justice to which would require far abler pens than ours; but we at least can do something to show our good-will towards this beautiful city of our adoption and our gratitude for the kind consideration we have received from some of its most estimable citizens. Among the many noticeable features of Goshen are the long and straight rows of maples and other beautiful shade trees that line in long perspectives each side of some of its finest and remarkably wide and well kept streets, and of these Fifth street justly claims the precedence. It is really a veritable avenue of remarkable beauty. Another conspicuous feature of Goshen is its electric light towers, in the most suitable quarters of the city, flimsy-looking, fairy-like structures, four square corners, built of long iron poles and braced and girded by large and strong iron rods strongly clamped and riveted and screwed together, the four sides sloping steeply upwards to a height of 100 feet or more and crowned by the electric light apparatus. Goshen is also distinguished by the number, the architectural beauty of design and costliness of its principal family residences, enclosed in and surrounded by beautiful emerald tinted grass plots, table-top level and smoothly clipped lawns, flourishing flower gardens and flower bordered gravel walks. In these several respects the beautiful homes of John H. Lesh, Esq., and Mr. Noble on east Lincoln

avenue, and the palatial residence of Conrad L. Landgreaver, Esq., on the north-west corner of Purl and 7th streets, deserve special mention. There is another still more costly, cosily comfortable and curiously castellated private residence in Goshen that it would give us pleasure to particularize, only we found its proprietor one of the meanest, if not the only mean man, we have yet met with in Goshen, so "mum's the word." To give such a complete and accurate history and description of Goshen and its sober, industrious, moral and law-abiding people as we would like to, would more than fill to overflowing a small volume of twice or thrice the size of this little "book." But there is another pleasing if not peculiar feature about Goshen that we must not neglect to notice, viz., the long stretches of perfectly level and thoroughly well made concrete or artificial stone sidewalks that line each side of its principal streets and most frequented thoroughfares. In Goshen the law rules that the owners of lots on the streets of the city must bear the cost of making and keeping in repair the portion of sidewalk opposite their respective lots, and the bad condition of a particular portion of sidewalk goes very far to show that the person whose lot it fronts is either mean and miserly or in poor and embarrassed circumstances. It is to James Grant of 513 south 7th street, manufacturer of cement tile, sewer pipe, window sills and concrete pavements that the good citizens of Goshen are indebted for the largest and the best constructed portion of the admirably good sidewalks that add to the manifold attractions of their model city. In the construction of concrete or cement pavements it is very necessary in order to insure the best results that the materials of which they are made should be used in certain proportions and thoroughly well mixed together before being used. No one understands and attends to this most important part of this particular business better and more carefully than James Grant, and he is not only a remarkably clever and skilful mechanic, with a

thoroughly practical knowledge of the most minute details of the several branches of his profession, but he is a conscientiously honest and honourable gentleman, and as a consequence he is at times under quite a pressure of business engagements, not only in Goshen, but in neighbouring towns and cities, so that he is at times obliged to employ quite a number of men. One special branch of his profession is the making of cement or artificial stone vaults for graves, and in this line his services have been called into requisition for scores if not for hundreds of Goshen's most respected citizens who are now sleeping their last long sleep in the beautiful Oakwood cemetery in the north-western suburbs of the city, near the softly murmuring waters of the smoothly flowing Elkhart river. Next to St. James' Cemetery in the north-eastern suburbs of Toronto, where we often went when we were boys to meditate on the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, this graveyard, with its rich profusion of rare and beautiful flowers and flower-decorated graves, its many beautiful evergreen and other shade trees, its neat and well kept gravel walks, and its grand wealth of beautiful granite, marble and porphyry, tomb stones and memorial monuments, is one of the most beautiful burial grounds we have yet seen anywhere. It occupies a prominent position in the topography of Goshen, and it is here that we ourselves have some faint hope of being laid to rest when our pilgrimage on earth shall have come to an end. A day or two before leaving Goshen for Canada, last October (1888), we canvassed for the names of a few of the most distinguished citizens of the city—certain that the honour of having their names would greatly aid in popularizing the Goshen pages of our little book, but we have lost or mislaid our note book containing the names of those who favored us by writing their names in it, so that we are only able to give a few of these names: James Grant, Mayor Miller, Hon. Daniel Wilson, Hon. John Baker, Major Reith, Mr. John Holloway, and last but not least, Mr. F.

B. Hoffman, a most kind and generous gentleman, who has often shown himself a "friend in need." Among our lady patrons we have the honor of naming Mrs. C. L. Landgreaver, Mrs. W. A. Beane, Mrs. James Grant, Mrs. Rudolf Aust. To Mrs. Grant especially we would tender our most grateful thanks for the many obligations her goodness of heart and considerate kindness have laid us under. She is in strict truth a most sensible, self-possessed and even-tempered lady, thoroughly well posted up and educated in the various arts and accomplishments that help to bless and benefit and beautify a home. To show that we are not alone in our high estimation of the genuine worth of this estimable lady, we will just record the fact that between fifty and sixty of the most respectable ladies of Goshen united to do her honor by getting up a "surprise party" upon the occasion of her last recurring birthday. It would give us real pleasure to be able to record the names of all the ladies who composed this large party, if such a thing was at all possible. We would not conclude this notice of Goshen without availing ourselves of this opportunity of tendering our most heartfelt thanks to those kind ladies who have treated our families with so much kindness during our prolonged absence in Canada. We do most sincerely wish them as large a store and stock of health and happiness as it is possible for any inhabitant of earth to possess.

And now, kind and indulgent reader, since you have so patiently listened to old Gabriel Gossip while he has so gaily and glibly and gushingly gabbled about Goshen, please pay attention to poor Pat Prodden while he points out with pride the praiseworthy points and peculiar privileges of his own pretty place, Parry Sound, a phenomenally flourishing town in the far northern backwoods of Canada, about 200 miles north of Toronto, built at the east end of a long and extensive stretch of water of the same name—one of the safest and most commodious harbors on the North American continent, easy of access and open to vessels from

any part of the world, as the town itself is easy of access in summer time by rail and steamer and stage from all points of the compass. The Muskoka and Nipissing Navigation Company, which has no less than nine well appointed, excellently equipped and admirably managed steamers traversing the waters of Georgian Bay, the Muskoka Lakes and the Maganetawan river, under the able and efficient general management of A. P. Cockburn, Esq., ex-M.P., a large-brained, whole-souled gentleman, one of those long-headed men like Mr. Hickson and Mr. Van Horne, of whom Canada has good reason to feel proud. Two of this company's vessels, the large, commodious and comfortable steamer, F. B. Maxwell, and the steamer impartial, under the able local superintendence of our old time and highly esteemed friend, David McQuade, Esq., form an exceedingly attractive and convenient daily line of communication between Parry Sound and the beautiful and thriving towns of Collingwood, Pene-tanguishene and Midland, on the southern shores of the Georgian Bay, and thence by rail to all parts of Ontario. These steamers also form a regular line of communication from Parry Sound to French River, Byng Inlet, and other places on the northern shores of the same great inland lake. Parry Sound is a remarkably picturesque and in some respects a romantically beautiful town, and one of the most celebrated and attractive summer resorts and fashionable watering places in the Dominion of Canada, and this peculiar attribute of this prosperous and progressive place has led to the erection of a large and commodious summer hotel in a conspicuous position on one of the most commanding heights which surround the town—and which is (for a long distance) to the eyes of travellers and strangers on the deck of a steamer approaching the town from the west, a most marked landmark of an ever advancing civilization. One of the most beautiful birds-eye views of the town and its environments can be obtained from the rock-crowned head of one of the rough, rugged rock mountain

hills that bound the town on the west and north, and contemplated under the golden sunlight and through the gauzy veil of silvery mist of a bright May or June morning, the scene presented to the appreciative eye is almost sublimely grand, if not exceedingly sublime ; nor is the panoramic view of the landscape and scenery less absorbingly beautiful when seen at eventide under the more subdued light of a fast descending sun—the placid waters of the Sound stretching away to the west, its bosom illumined by the slanting rays of the sinking sun until it glares and shines like a dazzling sheet of burnished gold, while to the south the spacious harbor is seen dotted with tree-crowned islands and guarded round by advancing and retreating headlands ; nor has the mechanical ingenuity and the pecuniary means of man been wanting in adding to and increasing the particular attractions and advantages of the town. One of the most costly and elaborately beautiful buildings in it is the residence erected a few years ago by a talented and enterprising gentleman, the late lamented J. C. Miller, Esq., who was Parry Sound's first representative in the Ontario Legislature. Next come the remarkably handsome and tastefully finished residences of Messrs. Fitzgerald and Gladman, of the Midland and North Shore Lumber Company, and the equally if not more beautiful and spacious residences of David Beatty, Esq., P.L.S., while William Beatty, Esq., with most commendable modesty and Christian humility, contents himself with a modest mansion that crowns the summit of a moderate elevation on the west side of the town.

The town is also greatly favoured in having within its borders two of the most extensive steam power saw mills north of Toronto, belonging respectively to the "Midland and North Shore" and the Conger Lumber companies, the original members of the Conger company being Messrs. W. H. Pratt, of Toronto, and Mr. Spratt, of the city of Alpena, Michigan. The former gentleman was a candidate

for the representation of Parry Sound district in the Ontario House, but owing to his having neglected to take out naturalization papers and thus transform himself from a citizen of the grandest republic that has ever existed on earth, into a subject of the Queen of England, his chances of being elected were utterly destroyed and invalidated by the law governing such peculiar cases. And with respect to Mr. Spratt, we had the honor of a personal acquaintance with this gentleman during one of his brief visits to Parry Sound a few years ago, and we will candidly confess that we found him a very quiet, self-possessed and unassuming man, a kind, courteous and affable gentleman in every sense of the term.

In addition to these busy lines of human industry there is also a still more extensive sawmill, the motive power for whose most ingeniously contrived, constructed and complicated machinery is obtained by utilizing the darkly rolling waters of the sanguinary Seguin River, beneath whose pitiless waves the lives of at least half a dozen little boys have come to a premature end, its latest victim being the oldest son of our esteemed friend, John Galna, Esq., Charles Galna, who was drowned Saturday, May 25th, 1889, aged 12 years.

This mill is owned by the Parry Sound Lumber Co., J. B. Miller, Esq., President. This company also own the best and largest steam shingle factory we have yet seen, where they manufacture a very large quantity of shingles of a very superior quality, carefully selected and assorted into three different classes, with, as a guarantee, the name of the company imprinted on each bunch by the deft-handed and honest-minded shingle packers. One of our Parry Sound favorites, Jeremiah Coffey, a fine specimen of the young men of Parry Sound, a packer or buncher in this mill, has repeatedly packed a bunch in our presence in three minutes time, four bunches to the 1,000 shingles, at the rate of nine cents per 1,000, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ cents per bunch packing pay. This rate of remuneration would

give a clever man like Mr. Coffey a golden opportunity of accumulating a nice little sum for the time when his hair would begin to turn white. Another of our Parry Sound favorites is Mr. Thomas McCoy, a remarkably fine and good looking specimen of the *genus homo*. Both of these young gentlemen have a deal of influence among the young men of the town and district of Parry Sound, and we would venture to suggest that they emulate each other by trying in the way of an experiment to see who can get us the largest number of subscribers for our next book, following in this thing the example of a highly esteemed friend of the earlier years of our literary life, Mr. Robert Taylor, formerly of Parry Sound, but now a resident of Winnipeg, Manitoba. We have very pleasant memories of this young gentleman. May God bless and prosper him.

Besides these several mills there is another large steam mill or factory owned by the Midland and North Shore Lumber Company, for the making, planing and manufacturing of flooring and other requisites and materials used in the erection and finishing of human habitations. And there is yet another industry in Parry Sound, but which after all is hardly worth noticing, as it is really a disgrace to and a reflection upon a town the most prominent citizens of which are noted for their energy and enterprise, their push, pluck, perseverance and public spirit. The industry in question is a tannery, a little one-horse sort of affair driven at spasmodic intervals by a few donkey power, wheesy, old second-hand steam engine, and operated by two or three "hands," the whole business on a par with the personal appearance, the character and conduct of the person who owns it.

A grim visaged fellow, half cobbler, half tanner,
 As sour as sour sorrel, as close as a crab;
 Holds fast to the coppers inscribed on his banner,
 Supposing he has one mud-colored or drab,
 He signed for a "quarter"—a poor little fiver
 Would cover, and hide his shrivelled up soul,
 An ancient brass copper, a cent or a stiver,
 The sorrow concern would buy or control.



This self-same individual felt awfully bad, and made or tried to make a fearful lot of fuss because his sorry-looking, shabby little show of two or three pairs of boots and shoes were not preferred at the very creditable agricultural show held at Parry Sound last fall, to the really splendid exhibit of two dozen different kinds of boots and shoes shown by John Moffatt, Esq., wholesale and retail boot and shoe merchant and manufacturer of Parry Sound. If this poor little fussy, fault-finding, fidgety, old fiddle-stick of a fellow could have been made to see himself as others saw him, it would have gone far to have cured him of the notion of ever exhibiting his wares and his airs and himself as a remarkable specimen of a short-ear'd ass, at any agricultural show again. The scurvy treatment we received from this mean little man stands out in strong contrast to the generous and gentlemanly treatment we received from Wm. Beaty, John McClelland, Mayor 1888 and 1889, Captain Stewart, John Galna, R. H. Danter, J. M. Ansley, P. M., A. Starkey, P. Wilcox, D. M. White, W. R. Beatty, John Moffat, David Beatty, P. L. S., D. W. Ross, J. E. P. Ryder, A. A. Lawson, D. L. McDonald, Mrs. Pratt, John McGregor—all 50c. subscription names. Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Annie Hall, Mrs. T. Kneeshaw, Mrs. M. Hayes, Miss Laura Hughes, Judge McCurry, W. T. Thompson, J. R. Legget, Thomas Ryder, H. Meggit, Rev. R. Mosley, R. M. Holmes, M. Buchan, Thomas Kennedy, Arthur Edward, R. M. Hudson, Robert Spring, James Applebee, M. D., Thomas Dowell, Joseph Farrar, P. M., P. Cahoun, Rev. George Browne, T. W. Huff, A. D. Myers, F. Lefex, C. L. White, J. S. Rogerson, W. L. Haight, barrister; T. L. Bowes, barrister;

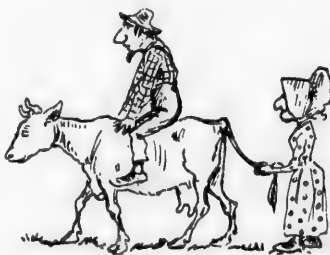
Thomas A. Clark, John A. Johnson, S. Oldfield W. S. McKinley, James Johnson, A. M. Brown, W. R. Foot, George Richardson, William Howard, Thomas McGowan, W. H. Pratt, J. R. Hogg, J. S. McKinley, Jeremiah Coffey, James Hatch, Frank Shields, A. A. Richmond, John Pearce, J. Calder, Mrs. W. Calder, Fred C. King, — McCannor, George G. Gladman—all 25c. subscription names. Rev. Mr. Gavallier, 20c.; Thomas M. Johnston, 15c.; Mrs. Henry Jukes, jun. 12½c.; Joseph Lafor, 12½c. Mrs. Kirkman, R. A. Gleason, J. F. Mosley, W. H. Mosley, C. Holmes, John Gavvice, Patton & McRae, J. Nickerson, T. W. George, T. Fisher, Mrs. Alexander, Sheriff Armstrong—all 10c. names. Mrs. Chewel, Mrs. Newel, Mrs. Wingfield, Mrs. Rivers, Mrs. Hamilton—all 5c. names. It will be noticed that we have divided our Parry Sound patrons into four classes—a 50c., a 25c., a 10c. and a 5c. class, an arrangement that we will adhere to with respect to other places, to economize space, as the names would take up twice or thrice as much room if placed in perpendicular columns, as we have heretofore done. We make an exception in favor of Parry Sound in publishing little 5c. names for the reason that it is our own and our favorite town. It will soon be nineteen years since we first saw Parry Sound, as a little hamlet with one rickety-rackety water power sawmill and one store; and now, thanks to the indomitable energy, enterprise, and far-reaching and prophetic foresight of William Beatty, once M.P. for the frontier county of Welland, it has become, under his judicious and skilful management, one of the fairest and most flourishing towns in Ontario; and in this labor he found an able coadjutor in the late John Clauson Miller, Esq., ex-M.P.P. for the then undivided districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound. It is to the untiring exertions of Mr. Beatty and Judge McCurry, and other energetic and enterprising gentlemen, that the hardy and industrious settlers of Parry Sound have now a fair prospect of having a railway constructed through the centre of the dis-

tract. The settlers owe a debt of gratitude to these gentlemen, and to the Dominion and Ontario Governments for the efforts they have made and the consideration they have shown for the welfare of the district. In connection with this notice of this rising town, we would take this opportunity of paying a slight tribute to the memory of a gentleman who was once one of its most respected citizens, the late Villeroy Switzer, Esq., whose premature death we, in common with a great many others, have often greatly regretted.

In conclusion, we must not omit to mention our obligations to T. W. Quinn, Esq., one of the most enterprising and energetic, as well as generous and gentlemanly young men in the town. Mr. Quinn runs two lines of first-class mail stages, one on the great Northern road to McKellar and Dunchurch, and one on the Parry Sound road to Rosseau. He also owns one of the best and largest livery stables north of Toronto. Last winter, following the example of John McClelland, Esq., Mayor of Parry Sound, he strayed away "outside" the limits of the town a hundred miles or more, and brought back with him a most estimable young lady as his wife. Why he should have done such a thing when he might have had his choice among the bright and beautiful belles of Parry Sound, is more than we can for the life of us (or for that matter, the death of one or both of us) exactly understand. Mr. Quinn is also fortunate in possessing two of the most careful, efficient, experienced and trustworthy stage drivers it would be possible for him to find—Thomas Johnston on the Parry Sound road, and our old-time friend, William Junk, on the "great Northern road." Mr. Junk has recently got married to a very estimable young lady, Miss Isabella Crosswell, of Ahmic Harbor. We wish them a long, a prosperous and a happy life.

OLD JOHNNIE TAIT, WHO BOUGHT A COW.

A BALLAD OF M'KELLAR.



JOHNNIE TAIT "ON HORSEBACK" ON THE COW.

How Johnnie Tait once bought a cow
We have a mind to tell you now.
Then listen, friends, while we relate
A truthful story of John Tait.
A bleary-eyed man, one Johnnie Tait,
A queer-eyed man, old Johnnie Tait,
Old Johnnie Tait, poor Johnnie Tait,
Poor little bleary-eyed Johnnie Tait,
Old Johnnie Tait who bought the cow
Of which we wish to tell you now,
To tell you where and when and how
Old Johnnie Tait once bought a cow,
Bought a cow, bought a cow,
Tell you where and when and how
Poor old Johnnie bought a cow.
And this is just the reason why
We now have Johnnie "in your eye,"
Resolved in rough and rugged verse
A tale of Johnnie to rehearse,
Tell you where and when and how
Poor little Johnnie bought a cow,
Bought a cow, bought a cow,
How poor wee Johnnie bought a cow,
Poor wee pale-faced Johnnie Tait,
Poor wee snail-paced Johnnie Tait,
Johnnie Tait, Johnnie Tait,

Poor wee pale-faced Johnnie Tait,
 Whom Satan did inoculate
 With love of plunder and of pelf,
 In hopes to make him like himself
 While yet an infant at the breast,
 And in her arms his mother prest
 Her poor, pale, puny, peevish pet,
 To still his cries while he did fret
 For "licorice ball" or "candy stick,"
 Because she knew 'twould make him sick
 To give him all for which he craved,
 So young by selfish greed enslaved.
 Old Johnnie Tait, poor Johnnie Tait,
 Who should his sins expatriate,
 Shut up within a strong stone jug,
 This two-legged old potato bug :
 Old Johnnie Tait who bought a cow,
 Of which we mean to tell you now,
 Tell you where and when and how
 Old Johnnie Tait once bought a cow
 Bought a cow, bought a cow,
 How Johnnie Tait once bought a cow.
 And this the burden of our song,
 Incited by a sense of wrong,
 A truthful story to unfold
 Of Johnnie's greed and love for gold,
 His greedy, grasping avarice,
 The old tap-root of every vice—
 Old Johnnie Tait, poor Johnnie Tait,
 Poor wee pale-faced Johnnie Tait,
 Poor wee snail-paced Johnnie Tait,
 Always watching on the sly
 Like an old rat with hungry eye,
 Some poor fool to gull and cheat,
 Moving round on slippered feet,
 Like crafty cat or cunning snake
 Gliding through a bushy brake,
 When he sees a likely chance
 His own mean interests to advance.
 Old Johnnie Tait, poor Johnnie Tait,
 Poor old blear-eyed Johnnie Tait,
 Poor old queer-eyed Johnnie Tait
 Knows how to lie, prevaricate,
 And we, to prove that this is true,
 This little story tell to you,
 Just tell you when and where and how
 Old Johnnie Tait once bought a cow,
 Bought a cow, bought a cow,
 Tell you where and when and how
 Old Johnnie Tait once bought a cow,
 And this the reason why we prod
 This poor old fellow—it is odd

That he should dare to cheat and lie,
 To curse and swear, when he must die
 Sure as the sun will rise and set,
 That wood will burn, that rain will wet
 Poor grubbing, grovelling mammon's slave,
 So surely travelling to a grave
 Envelop'd in a chilly gloom,
 Where flowers of hope may never bloom ;
 As black as darkest shades of night,
 Without one ray of cheering light,
 Poor Johnnie Tait, old Johnnie Tait,
 A devil's college graduate,
 Who (we will venture to aver)
 Has never op'd his lips in prayer
 From an impulse of gratitude
 To God, the giver of all good.
 Poor old blear-eyed Johnnie Tait,
 Old Johnnie Tait, who bought a cow,
 From which we take occasion now
 To show him as he shows himself,
 Thrall'd by a slavish love of pelf,
 The thirst for gold, the greed for gain,
 That leaves on lives of men a stain,
 Corrupts the heart, perverts the mind
 To conscience dead, to honour blind,
 In proof of which we cite John Tait,
 Whose love of lucre is so great
 We really think that he would strive
 To sell his soul for one pound five ;
 Yes, truly friends, we will confess
 We think that he would sell for less
 His sordid soul to Satan sure :
 When golden baits tempt and allure
 Poor wee pale-faced Johnnie Tait,
 Poor wee snail-paced Johnnie Tait,
 Johnnie Tait, Johnnie Tait,
 Poor wee pale-faced Johnnie Tait,
 Old Johnnie Tait who bought a cow,
 Of which we mean to tell you now,
 Who bought a cow and promised fair
 To act quite straight and on the square,
 No tweedle dum and tweedle dee,
 One rule for you and one for me,
 Yet showed himself a cheat and fraud
 Who worships mammon and not God,
 Yet once for all please understand
 That God will take this rogue in hand,
 Will show that He cares for the right
 Tho' fools insult and rascals slight,
 For He is just, His power is great,
 He can attend to old John Tait,

And we ourselves this mean old fraud
 This red-eyed rogue will roughly prod
 For we will candidly confess
 This is the art that we profess :
 To praise the good, to prod the bad,
 Not caring much if they get mad,
 Is just the thing we mean to do
 As this rough world we journey through,
 Quite sure to have the sympathy
 Of men of true nobility :
 We do not care at any rate
 For the esteem of men like Tait.
 Tho' we did once—we will avow—
 Esteem him well, but do not now.
 Poor old blear-eyed Johnnie Tait,
 Poor old queer-eyed Johnnie Tait,
 Johnnie Tait, Johnnie Tait,
 Poor old blear-eyed Johnnie Tait,
 Old Johnnie Tait who bought the cow,
 Of which 'tis time to tell you now,
 And if you please we will explain—
 'Tis rather hard to make it plain,
 Expressed in verse instead of prose,
 As you may easily suppose
 The subject dull and prosaic :
 It makes us feel quite tired and sick
 To try to string it up in rhyme
 With smoothly-sounding sonorous chime,
 The theme so tame and commonplace,
 A trade and barter sort of case
 About a cow our wives would sell,
 And one that Tait did want as well.
 They were about to emigrate
 To fair Indiana's distant state ;
 They wished to sell, Tait wished to buy,
 And so he did resolve to try
 If he this purpose could attain
 Consistent with one object gain ;
 'Twas in the spring of eighty-eight,
 When trade was in its healthiest state,
 About this thing he came to see ;
 But then our wives would not agree
 To take the offer that he made,
 It was so very low they said,
 (The man was to his nature true,
 A natural-born old Shylock Jew).
 They hardly cared to discuss
 His offers so preposterous ;
 Was she in calf ? They could not say,
 The season late when "taken away,"

For we ourselves (we mind the time
 But cannot name the date in rhyme)
 Made haste to take the cow "away"
 Upon a cold November day.
 The bull, a Jersey thoroughbred,
 In a McKellar stable fed;
 The charge, two dollars, which we paid,
 Which made things better for a trade,
 To this old man, old Johnnie Tait,
 A thing that went without debate,
 Who, when he found he could not get
 The thing on which his heart was set,
 A good grade cow at the low price
 Suggested by his avarice,
 He did a specious offer make
 Which both our wives agreed to take
 He talked so fair, so smoothly too,
 He wore a mask—he did—this Jew.
 Beneath this mask deceit did lurk,
 Enough to make a Jew or Turk,
 And really, friends, we are afraid
 He never meant just what he said;
 He did not tell the truth—believe,
 His aim to swindle and deceive
 In the proposal that he made
 About the cow he got in trade,
 In trade for hay—he had no cash
 But lots of windbag balderdash.
 He knew our wives were going away,
 That when they went they went to stay,
 And so he shaped his little plan
 To make it fit this case—sharp man,
 Whose cunning, crafty, spider brain
 Was quick to plan for his own gain.
 This is the truth in God's own sight,
 As true as we this wrong would right;
 With feelings of resentment strong
 We hate gross fraud, deceit and wrong,
 And have this one peculiar case
 Upon record resolved to place,
 This case 'twixt Tait and our own wives,
 Whom we love better than our lives,
 And this is why, with head and heart,
 We have resolved to take their part,
 Resolved to use our utmost skill
 To thwart this mean old rascal's will,
 Resolved to try "with might and main"
 That this old rogue shall never gain
 At the expense of our good wives,
 Whom we love better than our lives,
 Resolved to try with all our might
 To make old Tait do what is right

In any way that needs must be,
 By pen, or law, or chivalry.
 But friends, we have not yet told you
 How Tait this wrong first plan'd to do,
 How he proposed to play the game
 With which we find so much to blame,
 A little game, just so to speak,
 Like blindman's buff or hide and seek,
 Sketch'd out and plan'd (we hope in vain)
 In poor wee Johnnie's subtle brain—
 The object that he had in view,
 In what he pledged himself to do.
 He pledged his word, he promised fair,
 We wish that we had made him swear;
 Not only swear, but write it too,
 Then sign his name, to hold the Jew.
 As slippery as a slimy eel,
 In falsehood clothed from head to heel.
 He pledged his word, he did agree
 That if the cow should prove to be
 "Proved in calf," thus did he say,
 He would five dollars extra pay.
 The cow? ah well, she had a calf.
 And old Tait's promise? light as chaff,
 Nay, worse than this, as you will see.
 He said he only did agree
 To pay the money (a black lie)
 In case the cow calv'd in July.
 Tait and this lie so nicely fit
 He should a patent get for it,
 And we pray God that we may die
 Before we meet another lie
 Quite big enough to match and mate
 With this one fathered by John Tait.
 But don't suppose our wives were caught
 In such a trap; they never thought,
 Much less for sure did they agree
 To such a strange absurdity;
 Where would they be on such a day?
 Eight hundred miles or more away,
 And we would ask you, honest friend,
 How could they to this thing attend;
 Thus you will see how old John Tait
 Can cheat and lie—equivocate,
 Poor Johnnie Tait, old Johnnie Tait,
 Poor cursing, swearing Johnnie Tait,
 Old brawling, blairing Johnnie Tait,
 Old Johnnie Tait, poor Johnnie Tait,
 Poor cursing, swearing Johnnie Tait,
 Old Johnnie Tait who bought the cow,
 Of which we have just told you now.

Old sneaking, snivelling Johnnie Tait,
Poor dawdling, drivelling Johnnie Tait,
Old Johnnie Tait, poor Johnnie Tait,
Old sneaking, snivelling Johnnie Tait,
Whom his own wife did drubcate,
A "rolling pin" in her right hand,
She did on the "defensive" stand,
And with one crack upon the crown
She knock't the furious fellow down,
And she did well, brave Missus Tait,
His lousy back to lubricate
With lots of oak and "elbow grease"
To make old Tait just "keep the peace,"
And now good-bye to this old fraud,
We leave him in the hands of God.

MCKELLAR VILLAGE.—Lack of space will not permit us to give as full an account of this pretty little village as we would wish to. Its principal industry is an excellent carding mill and cloth factory under the thoroughly practical and excellent management of Messrs. Batley & Taylor, who deserve the best thanks and exclusive patronage of the settlers in McKellar and surrounding townships for providing them with a home market for one of the best paying productions they can possibly produce—wool. We owe our most heartfelt thanks to Mr. Samuel T. Ritter, Esq., local manager for one of the largest, wealthiest, and best equipped lumber companies doing business in northern Canada, the Georgian Bay Consolidated Lumber Company, with mills at Waubauskene, Port Severn, Byng Inlet, and Collingwood. A. M. Dodge, Esq., of the city of New York, is president of this wealthy company. He is a son of the late William E. Dodge, of New York, who was one of the richest and most benignly benevolent and Christian philanthropists of the 19th century, and whose name will live in the annals of all coming time as belonging to a man who was an ornament and an honor to the human race. James Scott, Esq., of Waubauskene, is secretary and treasurer. We saw one of this company's deserted lumber camps in the township of Conger, district of Parry Sound, and it was a perfect palace in comparison with the low-roofed, dingy, dirty, dumpy-tailed, dog kennel, hog-pen sort of a place that we first saw in this line of buildings. As a rule, the "river drivers" and lumber camp boys of northern Canada are the finest looking, the healthiest, the hardiest, the bravest, the strongest, and the most active class of young men in the Dominion, and it is only natural that we should feel indignant to think of their being housed like hogs, with no more regard for their health and com-

fort than if they were a pack of pigs in a pound, and all to put a few more pennies into the purse of some ravenously greedy and grasping old scalliwag skinflint, and our righteous indignation will be all the more excusable from the fact that we ourselves have three sons, two of them twins, and all over six feet, at this present time in this line of life, from their own voluntary choice. The deserted camp we have referred to was the only one we have yet seen roofed with hand-made shingles.

We also owe our best thanks to Messrs. S. Armstrong, Esq., M.P.P., Henry Moffat, P.M., Dr. Hamilton, Rev. T. Snowden, W. T. Canning, Andrew Moore, John Thompson, James Ellis, William Junk, Humphrey Sheridan, Miss Netta Monaghan, Mrs. Watkins, John Robinson, George Madigan, Ernest Ball, G. A. Ball, William Madigan, E. J. Spencer, Fred Spencer, W. J. Jones, Wm. Little, Daniel Beagan, George Stewart, Charles Stewart, R. H. Moffat, Bismarck Canning, Thomas Canning, M. C. Quinn, Charles Armstrong, W. B. Armstrong, Wm. Sheridan, Wm. McEwen, John McEwen, George Harvey, Peter Harvey, Charles Little, Mrs. E. J. Little, Nicol Fletcher, B. Hanna, G. B. Lee, R. S. Jackson, David Patterson, Mrs. McEwen, John Canning, Mrs. T. Dayman, Mrs. Hersee, John Taylor, Wm. Taylor. And we tender our best thanks to the following friends between McKellar and Dunchurch: Mrs. J. Crisp, John Patterson, Peter Andrews, Robt. Andrews, Henry Andrews, A. R. McLacklan, James McFee, Wm. Moore, and John Stevenson, whom our friend D. P., of McKellar, styles "Happy Jack." Poor innocent; it does not appear as if it took much to make him happy.

A big black bottle of brandy, man,
When it comes cheap and handy, man,
A plug or two to smoke and chew,
Would make John feel quite grand, eh, man?
Could you but see poor John when he
Is full of gin and jollity,
You'd say he was a dandy man.

And here also we take off our old hats and make our best bows to Thomas Hudson, one of the pioneer settlers of Hagerman, who led the life of a lonely old bull bachelor for years, while his good wife loitered behind him in England, and came over several years later with her daughter and her son-in-law, our old friend, Mr. James Hargraves, to sunshinize Tom's life for a few swiftly fleeting years, and then bid him a long and an everlasting farewell, but she was hardly cold in her grave when Tom blackened his boots with soot from the under side of a stove lid, washed his face, combed out his shaggy locks, put on a clean shirt and his Sunday suit, and hied himself away to McKellar village to hide his tears in the big, broad, bulging bosom of a robust looking, red-faced old feminine female woman sojourning there, to whom he proposed and was accepted, and after a few preliminary and appropriate remarks by a properly authorized functionary, took home to his house and heart in the place of his dead wife, and all went well for a while ; but he found out at last that "there is no fool like an old fool," that he had "hustled" 2 hastily to his hurt, that he had married in a very hurried way, to repent in a very leisurely manner. This was what he told us in substance when we called in at his place on our way to Dunchurch in the fall of '88, when we found him alone at his solitary supper in a cramped little kitchen at the rear of his house. His first greeting was, "I have been under the painful necessity of sending Mrs. Neely away." "Mrs. Neely? Who is Mrs. Neely?" we asked, in unmitigated astonishment. He proceeded to explain that he had found out that his wife was really not his wife at all; that she had a first husband living when she married her second husband, who died and left her, as she herself and every one else thought, a weeping widow, a desolate orphan. He also showed us a written agreement signed by himself and "Mrs. Neely," wherein he had agreed to give her one cow, four sheep, three hens, and the speckled rooster that had got three of the toes of his left foot and his

comb frost bitten, and wherein she on her part had agreed to give him, among other things, the "striped tick," one blanket, one sheet, and the quilt that had the red, white and blue patches on it." We saw Tom the next day at the fall fair in Dunchurch, dressed (for an old man) like a real and genuine Dandy Dinmont Dude, with the only stovepipe hat to be seen on the fair grounds, a sleek, shiny, low-crowned, old fashioned sort of a thing. He carried a staff or cane in his right hand, while tightly tucked under his left armpit he had something wrapped up in a red-colored cotton handkerchief, which we shrewdly surmised might be a couple of "unlaundried shirts," that he carried round with him to have convenient for any of his fair female friends whom he might happen to meet at the fair, and who might be willing to do a job of washing for him. We also noticed that he had jauntily set his old 18th-century stovepipe hat a little to one side of his head, as he strolled carelessly around casting sheep's, or rather billy goat's eyes, at any pretty girl or single woman he might chance to meet, which led us to suspect that he might have become the fortunate possessor of the happy, exciting and exultant notion of "setting" the said old stovepipe hat for some woman, now that he had discarded poor Mrs. Neely; but now we must, as in duty bound, tender our most grateful thanks and best acknowledgments for favors received, to Mrs. L. A. Keleey, whose husband, the late George Keleey, Esq., the founder of the remarkably pretty, prosperous and progressive village of Dunchurch, was a notably intelligent, energetic and enterprising gentleman, as Mrs. Keleey is herself quite distinguished for her shrewd business tact and talent. These remarks will also most aptly apply to William Robertson, merchant, and to John Burns, hotel keeper, to whom we also tender our best thanks, as well as to Messrs. Robert H. Calvert, Henry Calvert, Francis Gibson, Hugh Gibson, J. H. Bottrel, John Ring, James Hamilton, and Walter Leitch.

But we should not close this little volume without

a passing notice of the noble and beautiful city of Toronto, one of the most rapidly growing and substantially prosperous and progressive cities in the Dominion of Canada, of the 19th century. It has more than doubled its size and population in the last ten years, and never before have we noticed such wonderfully strong evidence of its phenomenally rapid progress and solid prosperity as this present season, in the way of the large number of old buildings taken down and being taken down to make room for the erection of palaces in their places, to cost, in the aggregate, several millions of dollars. Toronto is the Queen City of the inland seas of the Dominion, linked together in one great chain by the Welland canal and the St. Clair and Detroit rivers, for its especial benefit. We are glad to have the honor of being able to place a few of its most prominent citizens on the list of our most liberal patrons: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Attorney-General of Ontario; Hon. T. B. Pardee; Hon. W. H. Howland, ex-Mayor of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Wild, one of the most eloquent and celebrated clerical orators in Canada; Aubrey White, Esq., assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands; J. D. Murphy, Esq.; J. P. Elliott, Esq.; Doctor Cochrane; E. M. Morphy, Esq., for the past forty years head of one of the most reliable jewelry and watchmaking wholesale and retail establishments in the city; Neil C. Love, Esq.; Thomas Woodhouse, Esq., one of Toronto's merchant princes, and proprietor of one of the largest, the cheapest, and most thoroughly reliable wholesale and retail dry goods and clothing establishments in Toronto, 123 to 127 King street east, opposite St. James' Cathedral. Neither would we neglect to notice our kind friend, Mrs. Robinson, a most worthy and respectable lady, who has for years kept one of the best boarding houses in Toronto at 63 Queen street east, opposite the Metropolitan Methodist Cathedral (one of the most magnificent and beautiful buildings of its kind in this or any other Canadian city), occupying one whole square, bounded by Queen, Church, Shuter

and Bond streets. We have often, during the past ten or twelve years, when in Toronto, as occasion required it, resorted to Mrs. Robinson's for one of the best cooked, the cleanest, most substantial and most abundant 15c. meals to be procurable anywhere in the city, and in giving this slight testimony to Mrs. Robinson's merits, we feel that we are only doing a simple act of justice.

Esteem, not unmixed with a flavoring of gratitude, prompts us to put in a good word for three of the most useful and prominent citizens of Toronto Messrs. J.W.; Thomas, and George Bengough, three brothers, all in the literary line and kindred crafts.

J. W. Bengough, the genial, giant-geniused editor of Canada's great illustrated comic paper, *Grip*, the most impartial and independent weekly journal published in Canada, who richly deserves the approval and the patronage of every sincere lover of his country, of every true patriot in Canada's long and wide Dominion.

Thomas Bengough, proprietor and principal of one of Canada's most important educational institutions, the Shorthand Institute and Canadian Business University, Public Library Building, Church street, Toronto, is a gentleman worthy of all the patronage it may be possible for the young men of Canada who may wish to obtain a thoroughly practical business education, to give him.

Mr. George Bengough, 47 King street east, is general agent for the Remington typewriter. This wonderful machine has been on the market for fifteen years and is still far in advance of any competitor. At the great competition held in Toronto last fall, operators on this machine carried off the gold and silver medals, the first and second prize for dexterity in writing correspondence and legal matter.

He is also agent for the "Neostyle," by means of which, from one original executed in ordinary long-hand or on the typewriter, 2,000 copies or upwards may be obtained.

If the reader would like to see any of these machines in operation, I can guarantee them a courteous reception.

TORONTO, *June 28th, 1889.*

